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Rockledge, Jan. 1, 1874.

My darling Daughter:

I send to you all our loving wishes, that this may prove to you and Harry the happiest year of the series thus far completed in the journey of life. The day here is mild and pleasant, giving buoyancy to the spirit, and adding a zest to the congratulations of the season. There is sufficient snow to make very good sleighing in the vicinity, and as the moon is now nearly full, each evening there are sleighing parties innumerable, enjoying themselves to "the top of their bent." Is any such opportunity afforded you in Heidelberg? And do the little one have sleds as with us?

We are much distressed at your account of Harry's severe attack of illness, having been cherishing the hope that he was gaining in health in every way. His sufferings for the time being must be very great, though fortunately not pro-



longed. The amount of bile that he usually throws up from his stomach seems to indicate that his liver is in a bad condition, and therefore should be carefully treated; for the connection between the stomach and the brain is very close, the disorders of the former bringing on severe neuralgic pains in the latter. Has Harry ever made trial of any dietetic system, to see how far it might prove remedial for his troubles?

The past week I was called to officiate at three funerals! The first was that of a worthy colored friend at Cambridge, the brother of Harriet L. Jacobs, whose autobiography as a slave was written by Mrs. Child, under the title of "Linda." The second was that of Charles Lenox Remond at Greenwood, after a long and wasting sickness. Mr. Phillips participated with me in the exercises. The third was that of our beloved and venerated Sarah M. Grimké at Hyde Park, at which were gathered



many of the old friends and co-laborers. "Aunt Sarah" was one whose place in "the household of saints" none who knew her will be disposed to question; or else that household had better be abolished. Should the funeral exercises be published, I will send you a copy. Dear Theodore D. Weld spoke with thrillingunction and streaming tears in depicting the saintly characteristics of the departed one.

While I am writing, Lizzie Simmons has come in to exchange the congratulations of the season. She desires me to send you "ever so much love and all good wishes," expressing the hope that nothing will occur to prevent your return to Rockledge next summer, with husband and the little ones.

Your descriptions of Oswald make me more and more desirous of embracing the little fellow. He seems to have uncommon energy and spirit for his years, to say nothing of his beautiful



looks. Even when most impetuous or im-  
perious, let him be treated tenderly but  
firmly. Rely upon the affectional element  
in all the children in seeking to govern  
them. Dear quiet, peaceably disposed lit-  
~~tle~~ Harold! how I yearn to hug and  
kiss him as in his earlier days! Alas!  
it is scarcely possible that remembers  
anything of us. And my darling Helen!  
there must be no jealousy or complain-  
ing if I give her the first place in my  
heart. I am never tired of looking at her  
photograph - the thoughtful expression of  
her eyes, and the beautiful symmetry  
of her head and face. She will not, must  
not forget her loving grandpapa!

Our Christmas eve tree was prettily  
adorned and laden with suitable presents  
for the grandchildren and others. We  
shall read with interest what you may  
write concerning your family observance  
of the festival. A box, with some presents,  
was forwarded by us to the address of  
Harry, last month, (by mistake without the  
number of your residence or name of the street,  
and will probably reach Heidelberg about the 10th Jan.

Your loving Father.  
Helen as yet.  
For my absent mother's relief.